

# The Sneed

VOUS AND

WOMEN

VOL. 1.

SNEEDVILLE, HANCOCK COUNTY, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1922.

NO. 58.

## FARM AND MILL-FOR SALE.

The W. G. Seal old home place located 6 miles East of Sneedville, 1-2 mi. church and school, on public road and Rural Route. Good out-buildings with new barn. Plenty of fruit. This farm is good grazing and farming land.

If interested call or write, J. W. Leamon  
Lee Valley, Tenn. 4 w 8-4-22

JOHN LIVESAY, ATTORNEY  
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL  
JUSTICES COURT AND  
THE COUNTY COURT  
SNEEDVILLE, TENNESSEE

**\$1. GETS THE NEWS  
52 TIMES.**

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TAZEWELL, TENN.  
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ATTORNEYS  
Practice in All The Courts Of Th  
State And The Federal Court.  
Collections A Specialty  
OFFICE  
OVER CITIZEN'S BANK

## BETTER TYPE OF MULES FROM BIGGER MARES

Present-Day Farm Conditions Demand  
Mares of Draft Type With  
Snappy Action.

The results that can be obtained by the use of the purebred sire of strong individuality is generally acknowledged. Some men, for one reason or another, do not use purebred sires, but of these, few do not admit the desirability of so doing.

In the rearing of horses in Tennessee the situation is different from that surrounding other farm animals. The American Standardbred, the Thoroughbred and the American Saddle have been perfected in this, and adjoining states, and it is natural that these favorites of our own hands should always be given loyal support. It is not that we think any the less of these, that changes in our attitude towards horse production are necessary.

Agricultural conditions have arisen which create a demand for a type of mare that will perform heavy farm work and at the same time produce high selling mules.

The largest so-called "hot-blooded" mares are not numerous enough nor can they be produced in sufficient numbers to meet the demand. What, then, is the easy solution to this problem? The results obtained thru using carefully-selected stallions of a draft breed on our own native mares indicate beyond dispute that the resulting mares when mated to good jacks bring the good mule today.

Such stallions must not be of the sluggish, overweight type, but must be selected for that quality and action that is so essential to our present stage of development.—C. D. Lowe, Division of Extension, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

## PROGRAM

FOR SALE—A 50 acre farm, including 5-room house and first-class farm equipment; two miles of Morristown. Nearly all level and watered by ponds. Good barn. Further information see Cope Bros. Grocery Co. old phone 678, new phone 90. W. B. Cope

## AUCTION SALE

At Vardy, Tenn., Saturday Sept. 23.

29 head of cattle, 4 mules, 1 mare, 1 hack, 1 corn drill, and Hay in Barn. Terms: Cash or, 12 months time with approved notes.

Robt. Bales, Admr. N. T. Collins estate.

## ROGERSVILLE

The health of this place is very good at present, although there has been a few cases of diphtheria among the little ones.

The ice-cream supper at Lakeview Saturday night was a success and all report a nice time.

Mrs. G. B. Price and babies have returned home after visiting her father John Price near Russellville.

Prof. G. L. Trent and T. Brewer were visiting at the home of R. T. Brewer Friday night.

Hello Prof. T. J. Harrison, why not write to the News, also Mr. and Mrs. Coy L. Hopkins.

We would like to see a letter in the News from around War Creek.

The school at Lakeview is progressing nicely under the care of Prof. Garret Trent, and assistant teachers, Misses Delphia Price and Hattie Shanks.

Rev. G. W. Trent will fill his regular appointment at Pleasant Hill Saturday and Sunday.

Pet Greene passed through our burg Sunday on his way home from Clinch. Mr. Greene is planning on moving back to Hawkins county some time in October.

Come again S. Vaughn, we were sorry to hear of the illness in your family.

Hello! Mc Odom, how's your chickens?

Two Sisters.

The movie show that has been going on at the Court house in Sneedville this week is one of the best that ever came to this town, the show is being conducted by Prof. J. R. Fair, out of Morristown, Prof. Fair is one of the best musicians we ever heard, and you will be sure to get your money's worth when you hear him sing and play the guitar and harp, he always donates to the schools wherever he shows and the admission fee is only 20c, for adults and 10c, for children. You will make no mistake by coming to hear him.

Mr. Fair will show at the following places on the dates given below, at Davis chapel Monday and Tuesday nights, Oct. 2-3, Kyles Ford Wednesday and Thursday nights, Oct. 4-5, Fri., and Sat., nights, Oct. 6-7, Eidson Mon., and Tues., nights, Oct. 9-10 Grassy Springs, Wed., and Thurs nights, Oct. 11-12, New Life, Fri., and Sat., Oct. 13-14. Admission fee, adults, 20c, children 10c.

Backward turn backward  
O time in your flight  
Make me a child again  
Just for tonight.

When the Poet penned these four lines he must have realized this can never really come true, yet I have went back tonight by the light of imagination to my childhood days, and while my mind is revealing in visions of the past I first begin to wonder: where are all my school-mates who played with me around the old log schoolhouse where I have spent the pleasantest days of my life, where are the boys that played with me on the old red hill, and stood by my side as we stood up in the class and tried to see who could stand at the head of the class the longest, what has become of the boys I played ball with around the old school house, where are the boys that marched with me to the nest of the yellow jacket, the bumble bee and the hornet and tried to dodge the unerring aim of the old grandfather hornet as he fixed his shots at a spot between our eyes and never missed his aim, where are the sweet rosey faced girls who tripped along the dusty road each morning and night on her way to and from school to brighten and gladden the monotonous hours of the boy who studied Rays old practice Arithmetic and Webster's old blue back speller, where are the girls that tripped along in her calico dress and gingham bonnet, who cast sweet glances at the boys as their flax breeches and one gaiter and old straw hat.

all gone and where are the boys who went to other States, some have gone to other counties in Tennessee, and many have passed out and gone to that land from whose bourne no traveler has ever returned, what a sad thought this is, the boys and girls of my childhood and young manhood, who went to the same school with me can now be numbered on the fingers of one hand, where only a few years ago it seems, nearly a hundred happy boys and girls marched to the old log school house on the hill each morning and marched away at night happy and care free.

Where too, Oh! where are the good old fashioned teachers who loved each student as his own child and proved his love to us by the use of an elm sprout six feet long or more and made us stand on one foot for half hour if we broke the law of the school. He, too is gone, all gone, to the great beyond, they have been gathered home, the earth, the best friend of man has opened her arms and folded them to her bosom, their bodies have mouldered back to the parent earth, their spirits have returned to God who gave it, there is only one of my old teachers now living, God Bless him, and I love him as a father.

Where too, is the old log house with the old slab benches with peg legs with no back to lean against, the old house with one window and no glass, with an open fireplace around which we all gathered when the frost came and bit our toes? The old house is gone, but the memory of it still remains with me as but yesterday, it seems that I can still see the little boys at play with their ball and marbles, the sweet little rosey faced girls jumping the rope and playing antney over the old house, and catching the ball in their gingham apron, I can still see myself standing on a bench for eating up another boys

pie, I can see Jim Wilder hopping along with a stone bruise on his heel with his old blueback speller and Davies Arithmetic under his arm, I still remember how lazy Grant Trent, Mack Ross and myself were when we went to school, I remember Jesse Odom and myself when the teacher made us get up and make a speech on Friday evening, I got out and repeated what I had heard a preacher say when he got up to preach, and was about this "I feel very reluctant, I feel very reluctant and when I had said this about twice the teacher told me I could take my seat and then Jesse got up and looked up at the roof about a minute, the tears began to roll down his face and he said, "I will say no more at present and he sat down, I don't remember which gained the verdict, but the little boys and girls clapped their hands for ten minutes and Jesse and I both cried then.

What a contrast when we enter the school house today with their comfortable seats, their white-washed walls and beautiful windows and oiled floors, then look back a half century and view the school houses of that day; many there are yet living who remember the old log school house with little or no conveniences for study, and yet, we remember them with pleasure as they stood among the rocks and bushes on the red knolls of the country, attended by the boys and girls in their primitive attire and we know that under such circumstances have grown some of our best educators and some of our greatest men, such as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and the immortal Lincoln and many other great men and statesmen.

We are glad to note the improvement in our school facilities, and in the line of education in every particular, we are glad to see the standard of education lifted each year, as it has been we are glad the boys and girls of our country are not handicapped in the way the boys and girls were when the old log school house and hard benches and dark roofs prevailed.

## TABS

Sniff and the world suspects you,  
Sneeze and you sit alone.

Tuberculosis begins with a hack and a cough and unless you live clean it ends with a coffin and a hack.

Thirty per cent of the youths of this nation were rejected as physically unfit when called to the colors.

Lloyd George said: You can't maintain an A1 nation with a C3 population.

Whenever you spit, whenever you sneeze,  
Whenever your rugs you beat,  
When you scatter dust with a feather broom

And shake it on the street,  
When rubbish you pile on the road,  
When ash barrels have no top,  
You're poisoning the air for somebody's lungs.

And it is time that you should stop.  
—Keep Well Stories.

Plainville Kan.—J. E. Gebhardt, a farmer here, boasts a goat that gives her weight in milk every 11 days. What does he feed her, condensed milk cans?

A great deal of health progress is blocked by some men who have wishbones where their backbones ought to be.

Control of tuberculosis depends on preventative measures rather than on cures.

Housewives, sprinkle your coffee and tea grounds on the floor before sweeping. They collect the dust and dust is germs.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary. You catch it.

## Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo  
Scott  
Watson

### "BAT" MASTERSON'S REVENGE ON THE CHEYENNES

One December day in the early seventies a young buffalo hunter down in the Texas Panhandle was busy skinning a buffalo when five Cheyennes of Chief Bear Shield's band rode up, saluted him with a grave "How!" and sat on their ponies idly watching his work. Although the hunter's Sharps rifle was lying some distance away, he was not worried, for the Cheyennes were supposed to be peaceful at that time.

Presently one of the red men dismounted and picked up the Sharps as though to examine it and, as he did so, another reached across and whipped the pistol from the holster in the hunter's belt. Instantly the first Indian struck the white man a murderous blow across the forehead with the rifle and in broken but emphatic English told him to "git." The hunter was outnumbered five to one; he "got."

The victim of the Cheyennes was "Bat" Masterson. William Barclay Masterson was his name, but his success as a buffalo hunter had won him the title of "Bat," as a worthy successor to Baptiste Brown, "Old Bat," a mighty slayer of game in the old days. Masterson reached his camp in safety.

That night he rode stealthily into Bear Shield's village and "cut out" 40 of the old chief's ponies. As he worked he came upon another rider engaged in the same occupation. It proved to be Billy Tighman, a fellow buffalo hunter who later became a famous deputy United States marshal.

When in 1874 a war party swept down upon the Adobe Walls, the buffalo hunters' headquarters, some of Bear Shield's warriors rode with it, and one of the defenders of the little stockade was "Bat" Masterson. Then and there he obtained revenge for the blow which the Cheyenne had struck him.

After the Adobe Walls fight, Masterson enlisted as a scout for General Miles and served with him until the southern plains tribes were subdued. A few years later he was elected sheriff of Ford county, Kansas, Dodge City, the county seat, was one of the toughest cowboy towns in the West, but when Masterson resigned in 1881 it was one of the most peaceful. By his courage and his skill he had established a record second only to Wild Bill Hickok as a tamer of "bad men."

Then he left the West never to return, and today "Bat" Masterson is a high salaried writer on a New York newspaper.

## LONESOME VALLEY.

Well as I have never written any news from this place thought I would drop in a few lines this week.

The health of this community is very good at present, but we are very sorry to hear of the serious illness of our friend John Vaughn and his daughter Leona with Typhoid fever at their home at Mooresburg, and we hope they will recover soon.

A large crowd was in attendance at the regular meeting at Cool Branch Sunday and listened to a good sermon by Rev. J. H. Davis.

Mr. W. A. Yount passed thru our burg Sunday, he was going so slow it took two persons to see him move.

Mack Johns was all smiles Sunday, guess he was expecting to see his best girl, Robert you had better not be so slow next time.

Well, I hear two sisters tried to go with the same boy on their way from church one night a while back, please don't talk about some one else wanting to go with some one, come back L. T. and go with them, just to please them any way, ha, ha.

Well as I am sleepy I will not write any more tonight, write everybody to the News and make the paper interesting.

Black Eyes.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In accordance with the terms of Chapter 38, of the Acts of the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, approved March 21, 1921 the creditors and those having claims against the estate of Noah T. Collins, deceased, lately a resident of Hancock County, Tennessee, are hereby notified that on the 4th, day of September 1922 I was appointed Administrator of the estate of the said Noah T. Collins deceased by the County Court of Hancock County. All persons having claims of any character against the estate of the said Noah T. Collins deceased, whether due or not are hereby notified to file them with the Clerk of the County court of Hancock County in accordance with the term of said Act.

And all persons owing said estate will please come forward and make settlement of your indebtedness.

This 4th, day of Sept. 1922.

Robt. Bales,

Administrator.

NOTICE—On Sunday after the second Saturday in October Brother Grant Allen's funeral will be preached at Union Church in Hancock County by Revs. Grant Lawson and Wiley Cook.

## Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo  
Scott  
Watson

### HOW ISRAEL PUTNAM OUT- WITTED THE INDIAN "BEAR"

In 1758, while General Lyman's army was encamped near Fort Edward, N. Y., during the French and Indian war, sentinels at one outpost began to disappear mysteriously. Night after night a soldier was posted there and the next morning could not be found.

Only the bravest men in the army were selected for this post. General Lyman gave orders for them to call out "Who goes there?" three times, if they heard any noise, and then if no answer came, to fire. But the disappearances continued until his men were panic-stricken and refused to take such a dangerous station.

At last Israel Putnam, a member of Major Rogers' rangers, volunteered to go on guard at that place and solve the mystery. One hot summer night he heard a rustling in the leaves nearby. The sounds were those of an animal scuffling about on the ground for food and, peering through the darkness, Putnam saw by the faint starlight a huge creature, which he recognized as a bear, slowly shambling toward him.

Something in the bear's gait aroused the scout's suspicion. Putnam obeyed the general's orders. He challenged three times and then fired. A loud growling and struggling noise followed and when the scout rushed forward he found the bear in its death agony. Then he turned the animal over. Enclosed in the slinky skin, still clutching a tomahawk but stone dead, lay a giant Indian.

The mystery was solved. The other sentinels had believed it was a real bear they heard and allowed the daring warrior to get near enough to use his tomahawk before they learned their mistake. No more sentinels disappeared.

Some time after this event, Putnam was captured by the Indians, who started to burn him at the stake. Just as the flames began to scorch his backskin garments, a heavy rain began to fall and put out the fire. The savages collected more dry wood and again began the torture. But again they were foiled.

A French officer appeared upon the scene, dashed through the ring of flame, kicked the blazing brands right and left and released the scout, telling the Indians that he must send Putnam to Montreal to be questioned by General Montcalm. Putnam was held in Canada until an exchange of prisoners allowed him to return to his home and he lived to become a famous general in the Revolution.